A

BALLAD:

OCCASION'D

By ſome LADIES wearing RUFFS at Court on the ANNIVERSARY of his M—Y's Birth-Day, the 29*th* of *May*, 1727.

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A

BALLAD.

I.

YE Lords and Ladies of this Isle,
Who grace the Banks of gentle *Thames*,
And often gaily talk and smile
Within the Palace of St. *James*,
Listen a-whille, a Tale I'll tell,
Which you already know full well.

II.

UPON a Day, not long ago,
The Day that gave Great *GEORGE* his Birth;
To cheer it met (with Joy and Show)
The fairest Faces of the Earth.
No one that Day had wrinkled Brows,
But those who dress'd with Oaken Boughs.

III.

EACH ſtrove the other to excell
In gaudy Pomp and ſplendid Dreſs;
Thus ev'ry well-affected *Belle*
Did Love and Loyalty expreſs.
But Three, more zealous than all others,
Out-dreſs'd 'em, far as they their Mothers.

IV.

THESE Three, with Ruffs about their Necks,
Approach the ample Drawing-Room:
A Thing ſo odd, ſurpris'd the Sex;
Mov'd ſome to Laugh; to Envy, ſome.
The K---g himſelf (God bleſs him) ſaid,
Sure Theſe are come in Maſquerade.

V.

NOT but his M—y, I own,
Lik'd well the Ruffs of theſe fair Victors;
And he had ſeen full many a one
Before — I mean in *Holben*'s Pictures.
Then gentle Nymphs your Ruffs I'll ſing,
For few without e'er pleas'd a K---g.

VI.

NOW here a Poet ſhould relate
Each Step, each Motion, and Occaſion,
How theſe three Dames in Council ſate
Brooding, to hatch this new, old, Faſhion:

But that I'll drop as idle Chat;
It is their Ruffs that I'd be at.

VII.

THREE Laſſes once from Heav'n deſcended,
Mov'd by an emulative Grudge,
Each to ſuperior Charms pretended;
A luſty Shepherd was the Judge:
He doubtleſs choſe one by her Ruff,
Tho' Poets feign they came in Buff.

VIII.

QUEEN *Beſs* of old wore Ruffs we know;
But then the Reaſon why ſhe choſe 'em,
Was, that ſhe did not care to ſhow
To wicked Men her naked Boſom.
I doubt the Cauſe is not the ſame
With ſome of theſe that I could name.

IX.

A Brilliant Stone by one was choſe,
(Who well the Uſe of Stones did know)
The Gaping of her Ruff to cloſe,
That hover'd o'er a Neck of Snow.
But ſure a Pair, right well apply'd,
Had dreſs'd her juſt like any Bride.

X.

Now ſome will ſay, that *Flanders* Lace,
And ſome maintain, that Cambrick fine
Is beſt, an Iv'ry Neck to grace,
And round its Beauties claſp and twine.
Why what care I, what 'tis they wear?
But pray give me a Ruff of Hair.

XI.

Of all the Colours that adorn
The various Bow, or Weſtern Sky,
Or riſes with the ſmiling Morn,
Or ſhines amongſt the *Tyrean* Dye;
A Hazle Brown, my Ruff ſhall be;
Take all the reſt who will, for me.

XII.

'Tis ſaid, that all the Ladies there,
(By ſome who beſt pretend to know 'em,)
Had brought their Ruffs, but did not care
In ſuch a publick Place to ſhow 'em:
And wiſely judg'd; for, well I ween,
A Ruff is better felt than ſeen.

FINIS.